Into The Wolf Den

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/19822699.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	Graphic Depictions Of Violence
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Polar (2019), Blood and Chocolate (2007), Hannibal Extended Universe - Fandom, Hannibal (TV)
Relationships:	Aiden (Blood and Chocolate)/Duncan Vizla | Black Kaiser, Camille (Polar)/Abigail (Hannibal)
Characters:	Aiden (Blood and Chocolate), Duncan Vizla | Black Kaiser, Abigail Hobbs, Camille (Polar), Marsha, Astrid (Blood and Chocolate), Vivian Gandillon
Additional Tags:	Hannibal Extended Universe, rare meat, First Meetings, Awkward first meeting, Awkward Conversations, Awkward Flirting, sexual awakening, Misunderstandings, Miscommunication, Resolved Sexual Tension, Revelations, Hostage Situations, Canon-Typical Violence, Rescue, Werewolves, Assassins & Hitmen, Explicit Sexual Content, Happy Ending
Language:	English
Series:	Part 93 of Tiger's Mads x Hugh Rare Pair fics
Collections:	#RareMeat2019
Stats:	Published: 2019-07-15 Completed: 2019-07-25 Words: 17,675 Chapters: 3/3

Into The Wolf Den

by TigerPrawn

Summary

Two mysterious men in a quiet little town. It’s only a matter of time until sparks start to fly.

For #RareMeat fest

Notes

From a prompt by Colleen - kudos to her for the premise

I've ticked Graphic Desc of Violence to be on the safe side, but it is canon typical levels - so no more so than Polar, Blood & Chocolate or Hannibal.

Marsha is the shop keeper character in Polar, I couldn't find a name for her so went with the name of the actress playing her.

Chapter 1

His heart was pounding, unsure if there was a way to outrun this. Them.

With Vivian gone he knew he was going to be running forever, hiding forever. Something he was used to now, he'd already been doing it for years. But escaping his abusive father and the outstanding charges for his retaliation against the man, had been very different to this.

He kept running. Kept hiding.

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Duncan clenched his jaw as he cleaned his eye.

It wasn't painful anymore, totally healed, but the reaction was automatic now. He made note to train himself out of it, always preferring to manage his own behaviours in this way.

He set the cotton pad down on the side of the sink and looked at his reflection for a moment before putting the eyepatch back into place. He looked like himself now. It had taken a very short time to get used to the new visage. Sometimes it felt like he'd always had an eyepatch. The reminder that he hadn't was the depth perception. Years of looking through telescopic lenses of one sort or another meant he was no stranger to adjusting his vision, and although this wasn't the same, he was sure that had helped him adjust. For the most part.

There were still the occasional moments when he misjudged, cursing himself for something that might have got him killed if he were still working. Or still a marked man.

Duncan went about his morning routine, adding in the little vision exercises he was using to improve his new sight. Life here had become comfortable and routine. Duncan found he liked it. He liked fishing and walking, he liked having breakfast at the diner a couple of days a week and helping out at the school with geography lessons and teaching the self-defense classes Camille set up.

After he dressed, he stepped out onto the porch with a cup of coffee, giving Camille a polite nod as she left for work across the lake. Once he finished his coffee he placed the mug on the little table on his deck, then made his way into town. He had breakfast at the diner, picked up a paper from the store before heading home again. It was a slow life that he hadn't realised would suit him.

Everywhere he went he was greeted by smiling faces and pleasant hellos. And-

This day, as the sun started to go down, there was a knock at the door and Duncan made a point of not rolling his eye in response. He knew exactly who to expect at this time - just after the store had closed up for the day.

In this humdrum little town he'd become a fixture. And people had been all the friendlier to him since, what they believed to be, his home invasion. Not that they weren't friendly before. Now it was even more difficult to keep out of his business and he was thankful to no longer be active, because at this point he would have had to hit half of the town.

Especially Marsha from the store.

She was, as he heard often mentioned "well meaning", but also "up in everyone's business". And more than once she had dropped to his house with a casserole or a pie, with a concerned look as she lamented how cooking must be difficult with the one eye and whatever else she assumed had happened. She always winced when she spots him limping.

If it wasn't for the thorough background check he had undertaken on everyone in Triple Oak before deciding to move there, he would have been deeply suspicious of her.

But sometimes pie is just pie, apparently.

“Say honey, you know that the bar along the old road serves food?” Marsha mentioned as she glanced around his sparse kitchen whilst setting down some sort of pasta she must have grabbed from her home on her way over after closing the store.

“I know,” Duncan replied nicely, but could tell from her expression that it must have come out gruff. He wasn’t really great with people.

Perhaps living in a little town like this where everyone was in each other’s business, was going to be the biggest challenge of his life? More so than any of the awkward jobs he'd had before.

He cleared his throat, “Thank you, I should check it out sometime.”

“You should!” She said brightly, her smile spreading over every inch of her face. “And you know, they have singles night once a month. You might find yourself a lovely lady…” She eyed him over, smile still wide as she raised a brow and shrugged, “or fella if that’s the way it is.”

Duncan frowned, a momentary lapse in control of his features, and she waved a hand dismissively.

“Oh, you should just go and check it out. I’m just saying it must get lonely in these parts. I know Camille is a wonderful neighbour and she’s such a sweet girl! It’s lovely how you look out for her like she’s your own daughter but… a man gets lonely.”

Her tone turned serious on the last before she smiled widely again and waved goodbye as she headed out the door leaving Duncan perplexed and thoughtful.

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Aiden stretched and yawned, his t-shirt rising up so that his exposed belly caught the cold breeze as he stood on the veranda of the roadside bar.

He exhaled heavily as he looked around. The place was a shithole, yet again.

If he could work out what he could do or say to make sure people didn’t just trash the veranda every Saturday night, he’d do it. But as it was, there was a mess to clear up and a few hours until Abigail arrived for her shift. Not that he’d leave this shit for her, and of course he’d come prepared, if somewhat hopeful. He opened the trash bag and started to pick up the snack wrappers, the cigarette butts that somehow missed the goddamn ashtrays, and all the other random shit that spoke of a good night had by all.

It was a lightly beeped horn that made Aiden turn to see the car pull into the bar’s parking strip.

Marsha. The well-meaning, if a little annoying, busy body that owned the Triple Oak store. He felt bad thinking it because she was always very supportive of him since he moved to town and took over the bar from the guy who’d owned it for fifty damn years. A lot of folk in a small town like this might get riled by a stranger taking on a local business, but she had

been a sweetheart and ensured that the mood of the town towards him was positive and welcoming.

But he had to admit, she was so up in his business that he'd been suspicious at first. Had even hired a private eye to check her out just in case she had ties to Bucharest. She didn't and so he had to just accept that this was what friendly looked like in small town America.

"Coo-ee!" She waved as she got out of her car and then reached in to grab something from the passenger seat and started towards the bar. "Now let me tell you, we just got these in at the store and I'm tempted to get more, but we don't have a wood burner at home any more, not since the central heating got put in. And I hate to stock new products I haven't tried. So will you be a dear and take these? Let me know how you get on? I know you've got that wonderful big open fire in the bar and it is getting mighty chilly again."

She stepped up onto the veranda and handed him, what he could now see was a packaged and wrapped bundle of kindling. The packaging boasted that it was a special kind of wood, treated in a special kind of way to ensure a quickly lit fire under any conditions.

"Uh, sure." Aiden replied through his momentary bewilderment. "I'll pop them in later and let you know how they go."

There was a moment of silence, a pregnant pause as Aiden waited for her to say more. Knowing she would say more. For as kind as this was, she never dropped by without something specific to say, and he was sure the kindling was not it.

"That's great, thank you!" She finally started and went to step down towards the parking, "Oh! Whilst I remember…"

Aiden stifled a chuckle and cocked his head in query as he awaited what would come next.

"I was just wondering if you're still running those singles nights? Is it speed dating, or just mingling?"

Aiden did chuckle at that and frowned, "Marsha, does your husband know you're asking about this?"

"Oh hush!" She let out a tinkle of laughter, "Not for me of course. Though the lord only knows John can sometimes do with having a fire lit under him. No, I was thinking of that nice Mister Vizla. The foreign man that moved in across from that lovely Camille not so long ago? He's a very nice man and has had some recent misfortune. I think he might welcome some company…"

Aiden was with her right up until she trailed off and gave him a look. A sort of knowing look. Like… a suggestively knowing look in the most innocent way possible. In a way that it would be impossible to claim she meant anything by it, though she clearly did.

"I… see…" He replied.

“I’m sure you do honey,” She replied cheerily before trotting down the steps and back towards her car. “Do let me know how the kindling goes!”

It took Aiden a moment to realise she meant the sticks for the fire, and not any potential romance.

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Two days later, *mysteriously*, Duncan found a flyer through his door. An advertisement for the bar on the old town road that Marsha had told him about, with their bar menu and events on the back. Unlike the very sedate couple of bars in the main street, this bar had a regular band night, open mic night, and singles night.

He took a deep breath and with it tried to exhale the entirety of his ire over the complete lack of subtlety.

The menu did look good though. He was always partial to a bucket of chicken wings.

Duncan decided it was easier, for a quiet life, not to fight this. Marsha would eventually pester him so hard about going to the bar, getting out, meeting new people, maybe dating some nice local lady from the singles night, that he thought it best to just get on with it. Then he could go back to his nice quiet life.

He showered and dressed in a nice button up that was hopefully not too dressy, and combed his hair back, though several strands fell immediately back into his eyes. He attempted to trim his moustache but had already done so the day before so it was fruitless and with the depth perception issue, he almost sliced his lip, so gave it up as a poor idea.

When Duncan got to the bar, he noted there were only a couple of cars out front and it was still early. He adjusted his eye patch and started to head up the veranda.

It wasn’t an event night, thankfully. He’d decided just to go and try the chicken wings, scope the place out. Be low key and settle in to observe like he had many times before on the job. There wasn’t a mark in this case, unless you counted the chicken wings. But he couldn’t help the habit of wanting to make sure he wasn’t walking into something nefarious - especially given his recent dealings. Some of which had been with people he might not have called friends, mostly because he wasn’t entirely sure what constituted a friend, but at the least were colleagues he got on with.

Or at least that had been the case until they had been employed to take him out.

When Duncan entered the bar, everyone turned to look at him.

Everyone being the young woman behind the bar, the couple sitting near a roaring open fire, two older men sitting at the bar, and the dog laid flat at their feet. He felt most judged by the dog, but that might have been his own unresolved feelings over Rusty.

The server cleared her throat and everyone turned back to their drinks and their chatter as Duncan walked up to the bar.

“Hey, what’ll you have?”

“A pilsner?”

“Sure!” The woman replied brightly and set about getting his drink. It didn’t take his years of training and execution to sense that every pair of eyes in the place - except the dog whose view was now restricted by the old men - flicked to him whenever they could.

Duncan paid for his drink and took it to a seat in the corner of the room, back to the wall as he looked inward with a good view of the entire bar, plus the door. A habit.

It was dimly lit, mood lighting he guessed. Decorated in browns and greens, which didn’t help relieve the darkness. But it did add a woodsy feel. As did the murals painted on parts of the walls of wolves loping along. Some looked friendly, but most looked like they were hunting. Blood thirsty really. When he looked at the wider context he could see how others might just view it as a nice painting of woodland creatures, but the detail of each individual wolf was menacing.

“Hey, Mister Vizla right?”

Duncan blinked and looked up at the young man who had managed to sneak up on him, as he restrained himself from a physical reaction. The man stood in the shadows between the table and the wall, a cautious expression on his face. Maybe his focus on the murals had contributed to not noticing him, or perhaps the fact that he stood on Duncan’s blindside? It all made him uneasy.

Duncan turned to look at him fully. A little apron around his middle, drying his hands on a tea cloth. There were calluses that spoke of handy work, perhaps around the bar. An ingrained paint and ink smudge on forefinger and thumb that spoke of his being a long time artist. His clothes, smart but worn and covered in all manner of alcohol and bar snacks, revealed his position as wait staff. But Duncan already knew the owner was a young man, another non-local.

“This is your bar.” Duncan replied, ignoring the man’s own question, “Did you paint the murals?”

The man’s face, whilst still clearly a little wary, broke into a smile. Duncan managed to hide his own surprise at how attractive that smile was.

“I did actually. You like them? I’ve had mixed reviews from the longtime locals,” he chortled and Duncan looked once more at the murals in turn before shrugging.

“I don’t know anything about art, I can’t really judge.”

“Okay,” The man replied in a tone that Duncan was sure meant that he’d just been rude to the man, but then it was followed by a hearty laugh. “You don’t need a degree in fine arts to have an opinion… but I appreciate the honesty.”

The young man's smile was warm and less guarded now. It was quite beautiful. He was in fact very pretty, Duncan had to note. Though he didn't have a degree in beautiful men, so he wasn't sure he should have an opinion, he grumbled internally.

"So you're new in town, huh?" The young man asked, pulling out a stool and sitting down on his blindside.

Duncan clenched his jaw and shifted his own seat so that he could watch the man head on. And it looked like he noticed, because he looked regretful and eyed the seat on the other side of Duncan then. Duncan wasn't sure if he'd ever seen someone with such an expressive face before. It was like going on a face journey. He made a note to try and play poker against this man if he ever needed the money or entertainment.

"I moved here a few months ago, yes. I retired." Duncan responded gruffly, strangely finding himself wanting to make conversation and very aware that it wasn't one of his strong suits.

"Oh?" The man looked interested, placing the tea cloth on the table as though settling in. "What did you do before?"

"I worked in the funeral business," Duncan replied bluntly. Practiced.

"And… no family? You just upped and moved here?" The slight note of suspicion in the man's voice was unmistakable and Duncan raised a brow ever so slightly.

"You're very curious," Duncan replied, affably. Wanting to draw more out of the man before going home and running a background check. He mentally scrolled through all those he'd done on the townsfolk and was sure this man wasn't there.

Very curious. And potentially a problem.

Certainly, Duncan felt an unusual squirmy feeling in his belly when he looked at the young man. Not quite his usual sense of warning, but something he knew he needed to pay attention to nonetheless.

Duncan was not in the mood for more hitmen appearing out of the woodwork, especially as all that should be over now. He was equally not keen on any government agents, previous rivals or people with a grudge. He'd had enough of it all and wasn't nearly as patient as he'd been back when he still had two eyes.

If the bar had been empty of witnesses and this wasn't the town he was trying to make a new life in, Duncan would have snapped the man's neck there and then and asked questions later.

"Um, so anyway…" The man's words seemed wary again and Duncan was sure there was a keen level of astuteness there, "I'm Aiden." He rose but held out a stiff hand to shake, which Duncan took and shook firmly, feeling each callus and knowing just as many were from artistic endeavours as much as anything else.

Aiden stood and took a step back, releasing Duncan's hand.

“I own the place, like you said. Kinda newish here too, so…” There was a keen edge of disappointment there, as though Aiden had caught a hostile vibe and was backing off despite his initial… interest?

Did Aiden want to be his friend? Duncan puzzled it for a moment. They were both outsiders to the area. Maybe he was just all he seemed to be and nothing more, and maybe the person that was wanted a friend. And maybe that’s why Marsha had been so insistent on him coming here?

She had seen two lonely people who might make friends. Duncan huffed without meaning to and Aiden cocked a brow.

“So… yeah, holler if you need anything.”

Neither of them said another word as Aiden turned and walked back to the bar, disappearing behind it into the kitchen.

Duncan took it slow finishing his drink before going up for another and to order the chicken wings. He felt oddly wary. Odd because it wasn’t the usual sort of wary that he felt.

He was hoping to avoid Aiden, and it wasn’t in the same way he tried to avoid a mark, tried to make himself invisible so that no one would be able to really give a description later.

No, he felt a strange stirring in his belly, a flutter of something like nerves and could only put it down to their strange conversation. One that he didn’t want to repeat.

When Duncan sat back down with his drink he watched as a few more people came in, giving him openly curious looks before finding seats. The woman behind the bar was clearing her throat a great deal, which seemed to have everyone looking at their drinks. This was a very odd place and something deeply suspicious was going on.

Duncan reached down to pull back his trouser leg so he could get easy access to the knife in his boot in case he needed it.

“Your wings,” Aiden said, dropping them in front of Duncan as Duncan tried to hide quite how startled he was.

He looked up and Aiden’s face quickly went from a frown to concern, “Shit, sorry. I didn’t mean to… I guess you didn’t see me coming and…”

The man looked mortified at his choice of words but Duncan ignored it, grabbing his wrist and yanking him in such a way that a very shocked looking Aiden was now sat on the stool once more. Duncan didn’t release his hold, leaning in towards the young man so he could speak in hushed tones.

“If you want to avoid trouble, I suggest you tell me what’s going on here. Why do all these people keep looking at me? Your server seems to be in on it, and there’s something very off about you”. This was a tactic Duncan had never used before. He’d always been completely

covert, he never threatened like - not unless he needed information and never in this uncontrolled way. The whole situation had him off kilter.

Even so, he was surprised that, instead of shaking with fear, Duncan's words seemed to have set Aiden shaking with anger.

He leaned towards Duncan and uttered low and dripping with anger, "Take your fucking hand off me."

They glared at each other, seeming to have reached a stalemate.

After a moment of silence, Aiden practically snarled at him and then spoke.

"They are all looking at you because the whole fucking town has been talking about the one eyed foreigner who brought trouble to town. You're lucky Marsha likes you. They're curious and voyeuristic. Abigail is just trying to remind them to have some fucking manners. Which is something you seem to be lacking right now."

With those final words, Aiden tugged his hand back and Duncan let it go.

He looked around the bar and whilst their exchange seemed to have gone unnoticed, the truth couldn't have been clearer. Duncan Vizla had never been more visible in his entire life.

For a man that had made a living out of stealth and skill, this was quite a big thing to discover.

He blinked.

"Eat your wi-" Aiden had pushed the plate towards him and started to stand but his words dried as he looked at Duncan.

Duncan could feel a strangely painful tug at his mouth and in his chest. A disappointment he'd never known before.

He had been good at his job. The best. And whilst he was sure with a little practice he would be able to do just fine with an eyepatch, if he hadn't retired of course, there was something unsettling about realising his ability to do his job had fundamentally changed.

Everyone is going to notice the one eyed man.

"Are you o-" Aiden started but Duncan shook his head and cut him off.

"I'm fine, please let me eat."

Aiden paused for a moment as though he was going to say something else, and then left Duncan to it.

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Aiden felt like an absolute asshole. Clearly there was something weird going on with Vizla, and most likely it was down to all kinds of PTSD from the home invasion Aiden had heard about, where Duncan had been attacked, almost killed and left with one eye. The whole town had talked about it nonstop for about four days.

Then Reba, the baker over at the Triple Oak Bakery, experimented with a new pie flavour and everyone moved onto that. Because strawberry and guava was apparently quite nouveau for these parts and highly scandalous.

It was clear that the best thing to do was to leave the man to his wings and go back to the kitchen. Though he couldn't help his curiosity at wanting to stay in the bar and see what the man did next.

"Penny for 'em?" Abigail asked, as he got back behind the bar.

Aiden shrugged and went back to tonight's duty of dishwasher and started to load the next batch of dirty glasses from the night before into the washer.

"Just… that new guy in town? He seems…"

"Odd? Yeah, seen him around. He's a bit… socially awkward?"

Aiden turned and raised a brow, "Seen him around? You mean you've been spending your off hours with Miss Camille again." Aiden grinned.

"Whatever," She grinned back as she nodded. "Anyways, she says he's actually a really nice guy. Sort of. He's… maybe an acquired taste?" She looked Aiden over thoughtfully. "A taste you want to acquire?"

"What!? No! What are you… I just…" He shook his head, now ruing the many times he and Abigail had got drunk together after hours and ended up having all manner of confessionals between them. She had somehow managed to weasel out of him the fact that he'd kissed a guy before and had claimed him as bisexual so that she and Camille didn't have to be 'the only queers in town'. Which actually wasn't even true, but there was rarely any arguing with her.

"I'm curious," Aiden finally continued, though what he wanted to say was 'wary'.

Abigail let out a snort and he just knew she was going to respond 'bi-curious' so he glared at her to head it off. Though maybe she wasn't entirely wrong, there was something about the older, gruff, no nonsense energy that made his loins stir a little whether he wanted it or not.

And it was decidedly *not*. There was something off about the guy in a way that made Aiden concerned, and definitely should counteract any attraction he might have. He didn't seem like any of the wolves Aiden had met in Bucharest, though he had to admit the accent bothered him more than a little. Could he be one of the pack from there? Or further afield? Sent to spy or find him?

Aiden felt a chill run down his spine. What if Astrid and the Bucharest pack knew he was there and were already on their way? Aiden wondered if he should try and reach out to Vivian.

Aiden had decided to stay in the US after he'd returned with Vivian, before she had abandoned him. He understood of course, not that it had made his heartache any easier. He could have returned to Europe, run again. But if he kept a low profile then the chances of being picked up and run in for the shit with his dad were slim. He'd had to weigh it up after Vivian had got word that Astrid now led a blood thirsty Bucharest wolf pack. It had been the catalyst for her forming the new US pack.

He was tired of all the running and hiding. The years of it. Maybe that accounted somewhat for this unexpected attraction to someone who gave off this energy of being capable, a protector. Someone who would keep him safe when he was too tired to run and hide.

Aiden already knew from Vivian that the Bucharest wolves were unlikely to come to the US. And his dad was probably too blind stinking drunk to give a shit where he was these days. He just had to make sure he stayed off the radar of law enforcement. So he'd weighted it up - the risk of getting caught by his dad or by the wolves.

And Aiden felt like he'd become good enough at spotting a werewolf in a person's skin. Vivian had tried to teach him quite a bit. Duncan Vizla didn't seem like a werewolf. But there really was something definitely off.

"Hey boss? The guy with the… um, he wants a word." Abigail poked her head in from the bar, looking a little flustered.

Aiden groaned and put down the dishcloth that seemed to be a permanent fixture in his hand these days because he was too nice to give others the shittiest jobs. He walked through to the bar and was surprised to see Vizla stood right there.

… with the light from the beautifully kindled fire throwing just enough up-light to show the little traces of chicken wings in the man's moustache.

Aiden couldn't help but grab a napkin as he passed the mixing station on his way over, handing it to Vizla the moment he was within reach, and then gesturing at his upper lip.

"You, uh… have a little something…"

Vizla quirked a brow for about a millisecond and then set to patting down his moustache.

Aiden would never have before considered himself as having a thing for moustaches, and especially not ones coated in chicken, but the way Duncan's mouth formed into various "o"'s as he cleaned up, drew Aiden's attention in an unexpected way.

"I wanted to apologise for earlier," Vizla put the napkin down and pushed the words out as though any sort of human interaction were difficult for him. "I have been… a little tense lately."

“Sure,” Aiden waved a dismissive hand, “Don’t worry about it. I’ve had worse from drunks,” He chuckled. Though in truth no one had laid hands on him like that - in such a clearly threatening way - since Bucharest.

“I do like it.” Vizla said hurriedly, awkwardly.

“The what now?” Aiden replied, confused.

“The art. I do like it. It’s… woodsy and… wild-ish.”

Aiden couldn’t help the grin and chuckle, “Yeah, I guess it is. And thank you.”

“I guess it explains the name. I thought it referred to bears or something, but uh… wolves, huh?”

Aiden considered for a moment the man’s meaning. He’d changed his surname when he’d bought the place, hoping to hide his tracks a little. As it was the money came from comic book sales after his most recent one had really taken off and left him with a European bank account full of cash. It took him a moment to shake off the suspicion and realise Vizla meant the name of the bar.

The Den.

“Actually, it was already called that when I bought it, but… thought I’d paint it appropriately.”

In a weird way it had called to him, this bar. Maybe because the name meant that he’d never forget what he was running from. Maybe because it might be the last place the pack would think to look for him? Either way, it was what had sealed the deal when he’d been looking for some sort of business investment. Something that could keep him going given that he’d massively stalled on his comics but had savings from the royalties.

He wasn’t exactly wanting to create loup garou stories any more.

“You have copies.” Vizla said. It wasn’t a question and it took Aiden a moment to realise he was pointing at the pile of graphic novels behind the bar, the top one was his latest - the story of a wolf girl.

“Oh… no. Those are my… I’m an artist. I write and illustrate graphic novels believe it or not, when I’m not washing dishes,” Aiden let out a self-deprecating chuckle. “Marsha insists I keep some at the bar, to sell as I refused to let her stock them in the store.”

“I’ll buy them.” Vizla responded with no hesitation.

“You don’t have to do that,” Aiden started, sure that the man just felt shitty about his earlier overreaction.

“I… like your art.” Vizla reiterated his earlier point.

“Oh… Well… ok, sure.” Aiden hesitated but reached for the pile nonetheless.

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Duncan hadn't felt obliged to buy the graphic novel. If anything, it had been easy to convince himself that it would be a useful way to run background checks on the man. But truth be told there was more to it than that.

The art was beautiful but… so was the man and there was a part of Duncan that wanted something tangible, a reminder of their talking to each other. He wasn't much one for talking, and whilst that was something he was working on, there was a sort of novelty in having conversations with people. Especially ones that were interesting and engaging. Certainly the young man was intriguing, he just hoped that wasn't for nefarious reasons because he'd hoped to lay off the killing for a while if he could. He really did just want a quiet retirement, now more than ever.

Initially he had wondered that the bar's name was perhaps from lion or bear dens, or referring to that room the Americans called a den. But the wolves around the walls had made it immediately clear and had given the place an almost menacing feel that none of the other patrons seemed to sense. There was something a little dark in Aiden, and that was intriguing too.

It had certainly been an interesting evening, and Duncan hadn't for one moment suspected that he would enjoy anything other than chicken wings. But… he had enjoyed his time there. Very much so it would seem, as he realised that whilst saying tentative goodbyes and tucking the graphic novel under his arm as he left, he felt something stir.

By the time he returned to his house he was hard. Very hard. He definitely hadn't expected to be reevaluating his sexual orientation from his evening.

Duncan had never really considered men in that way before. But he reasoned, he had never considered women like that either. Other than actual sexual urges and wanting them sated, he couldn't recall ever having a preference. So he had just gone with women as that was the expectation. He hired female hookers because he needed to get off, without any real consideration as to whether he might prefer to do that with a man.

Though thinking about it now, suddenly and vividly imagining what Aiden might look like naked and what those callused hands would feel like over his skin, he felt almost anxious in a way he never had before.

If he wasn't sure how to use a weapon, he would learn and master it. Same with any equipment he had to hand. The Duncan of ten years ago would be shocked at how adept with online research and surveillance the Duncan of today is. But he had never been with a man and he didn't have the first idea of how that might even work. He couldn't imagine it would be as easy as learning a new skill, and that was daunting.

Anal sex, of course. That seemed obvious, but it wasn't something he'd had much practice at with women much less anyone else. Could he… give a blow job? He certainly very much enjoyed receiving them and it seemed rude to not reciprocate. Duncan couldn't imagine that sucking cock was anything like eating pussy, which he liked to think he was rather good at.

Or maybe it was just that many men didn’t go down on prostitutes so they especially enjoyed it?

Duncan shook his head. Not entirely sure how to feel about it. Or about sex in general really, considering the last person he had sex with he'd then killed. Though in fairness she had been trying to kill him at the time.

Duncan let out a heavy sigh and stripped off for the shower, his erection still going strong, despite his trying to think of anything but Aiden. And yet the boy persistently returned.

Duncan grunted and got in the shower, pumping some soap into his hand and using it to slick up his dick and balls before he began to caress his groin. He gently tugged at his balls before finally, slowly, starting to fist his cock. It was almost mindless really, no real thought to it as he brought himself closer to release. But then he imagined Aiden on his knees in front of him, his mouth wrapped around Duncan’s straining cock.

“Ung… Fuck…” Duncan came so hard at the mental image that his come reached the tiles on the other side of the shower, and his legs went weak. He stumbled back, almost losing his footing but just managing to right himself as he braced against the wall.

He stood there for a minute, panting. His cock still twitching and pulsing as his mind got stuck on the image of Aiden grinning up at him.

Duncan shook his head and grunted, “Damn dangerous,” he mumbled. After all, he could have slipped and smashed his skull then. Decades of assassination and danger and he would have died with his cock in his hand in the shower.

Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

Intrigue, avoidance and arousal...

Duncan decided not to go back to the bar whilst he was looking into Aiden's background, because it just wasn't necessary. He tried to push aside the fact that he was sure it might also cloud his judgement, mostly because that was a first for him.

As was masturbating to gay porn every night since they'd met, but apparently he definitely was considering sexuality a lot these days. Almost as much as he was considering Aiden.

Aiden, who definitely hadn't come up in his recon of the town. Perhaps it had been around the time Aiden moved there? And now the superficial trail went dead pretty quickly. Records had the owner of the bar down as Aiden Graham, there was enough evidence under that name for the bar to have been purchased, for there to be some legitimacy. But digging deeper, which likely no one else ever had cause to, there had been no Aiden Graham a year before the purchase of the bar. Duncan checked it against his own records as to when he'd bought his cabin and found that they almost aligned. Which didn't dissuade him from the theory that Aiden was a plant. Perhaps he'd decided to keep his head low when he saw what Duncan did to the others that came for him, or perhaps he wasn't with The Damocles Corporation. Either way, chances of Aiden being a threat to him had dramatically increased.

He set some searches to run, sent encrypted emails to trusted professionals. And it didn't take long to get something back. Word came back too quickly really. Anyone with the right connections would have been able to do the same and Aiden should surely know that? That it took less than a few hours to discover that Aiden Graham - A.W.G. on his graphic novel - was Aiden Galvin, wanted for assault on his own father the other side of the country.

Duncan frowned and began to put the name in every search he had access to, curious now on another level. Perhaps Aiden wasn't in league with Damocles or any other organisation that might want Duncan dead. But there was definitely something wrong.

And then Aiden's medical records and child services reports start to pour through. Yes, he'd assaulted his own father, left him critically ill. But it was clear from everything Duncan was seeing that this came after years of child abuse that even he had to call torture.

Duncan didn't realise his jaw had clenched until he felt the searing pain. He balled his fists against the desk and thought about killing Aiden's father.

It was such an odd thing. Killing had always been dispassionate for him. Something he wasn't connected to wholly. A task. A job. Not until Camille's life was on the line and even

then it had been easy to keep his emotions in check as he eliminated the enemy one by one until they were all gone.

No, this sort of rage was new to him. As was the pressing desire to hold Aiden and tell him everything would be okay.

*

Aiden wasn't sure at first if Duncan was avoiding him or the bar, but he hadn't been back in a few weeks. And he wasn't entirely sure why that bothered him. There was something a little off about the guy that made him wonder what he was hiding, but not enough that he could put his finger on it.

He saw him around town here and there, but it was when Aiden decided to go for a walk along the river one day that they really spoke again. And even then, as Duncan stood there fishing, he seemed standoffish and awkward.

"Hey," Aiden smiled and strolled over, looking over Duncan's set up and wondering if the guy had ever fished before because it looked like a mess.

"Hello," Duncan replied, and Aiden wasn't sure if he'd imagined his cheeks getting a little pink - it was a fairly chilled day.

"Caught anything?" Aiden asked to make conversation but Duncan shook his head.

It was a moment before Duncan replied, "I've only recently taken it up. To relax."

Aiden chuckled given that Duncan looked incredibly tense, "And how's that going for you?"

Duncan muttered something that Aiden didn't catch and he figured this was a cue for him to leave the man be, but as he started to walk away, about to say goodbye, Duncan spoke up.

"Wait! Um, you can… sit?" Duncan indicated one of the logs along the shore and took a seat himself before looking expectantly at Aiden.

"Okay, well… um, just for a bit. I have to get back and sort out a few things before I open the bar," Aiden said as he walked over and took a seat next to Duncan. "I… Haven't much seen you there lately." Aiden couldn't help pushing.

"I'm onto the next comic," Duncan told him quietly, not looking up from the water or responding to Aiden's comment.

"Graphic novel," Aiden replied.

"Yes, um… It's very good. You're an amazing artist. Especially the… people."

"Oh!" Aiden realised immediately the hesitant reference was likely to the couple of nude moments in the story. "Yeah I… did a lot of life drawing when I was starting out."

Duncan nodded absently. Aiden took a breath and couldn't help but say, "Listen, it feels like you've maybe been keeping away from the bar and I wanted to apologise if I made you uncomfortable or something."

"No!" Duncan immediately interrupted, "I've been… busy."

"That's… good, I'm glad. Hopefully you'll make it along again sometime. We have a singles night you know."

Aiden wanted to kick himself the moment the words were out of his mouth, not that he had any idea what had possessed him to mention it. It was none of his business whether or not Duncan Vizla was single, much less whether he planned to do anything about that.

"Oh…. Um…" Duncan looked down and played with the fishing rod.

"I mean… if that's of, um, interest…" Aiden winced at his own words and desperately wanted to stop digging this hole, too late to take back the initial mention.

"Will you be…" Duncan started and cut himself off, glancing up at Aiden all the same.

"Oh, um…" Aiden swallowed and felt his hands start to sweat. Sure there was definitely something up with this guy. He was socially awkward and hiding something but… He was also very attractive and Aiden enjoyed his energy in a weird way.

Aiden was still lost in those thoughts and considering how exactly to reply when he realised Duncan has shifted and had started to lean in towards him. For a flash of a second he almost leans in to meet Duncan. Were they going to kiss? What the hell was going on? But then his palms got all the sweatier and he suddenly jumped to his feet, confused as hell about what was happening and whether he'd misread Duncan completely.

The disappointed look on the man's face made clear what his intentions had been.

"I should um… I need to get back to the bar," Aiden rambled, wishing he'd allowed the kiss but genuinely having no clue what the hell he was doing and whether or not he should just roll with it. But it was too late now, he'd already jumped away and Duncan was looking concerned, like he was reprimanding himself thanks to Aiden's reaction.

Perhaps it was that that made Aiden add, "Please do come by the bar sometime," before turning on his heel and quickly walking away.

*

Duncan didn't catch any fish, and he didn't see Aiden, not again. He couldn't deny that he had started to go fishing all the more often after running into Aiden next to the river that one time a couple of weeks earlier.

He went home and showered, jerking himself off to thoughts of kissing Aiden despite it not happening, before getting dressed up as nice as he could. He combed his hair nice and neat, and put on button-up that was smart enough for a bar, but not overly so.

He hadn't managed to find much more on Aiden, other than tracing him here and there in Europe and that had been difficult. He'd covered his tracks well, which made it all the more surprising that Aiden had returned to the US when he was clearly safer from capture overseas. There was definitely something that Duncan wasn't able to find and likely the only way would be to ask Aiden directly.

Which… he didn't want to do. He very much wanted to ignore it and start going to the bar. Maybe he'd been a bit forward when he tried to kiss Aiden? He wasn't exactly a good judge of these things. But then Aiden had asked him to come to the bar, and although it had taken a couple of weeks of hoping to run into the man on his own again, he was going to do it.

He was going to become Aiden's best customer.

*

It had been weeks since Duncan Vizla had started coming to his bar again, and despite the rather odd encounter the first time and then the almost illicit encounter by the river, he seemed fine. He was clearly a bit socially awkward and despite his attraction Aiden couldn't help but still be a little wary of him - but whatever he was hiding, it just seemed so unlikely it was connected to the pack in anyway.

So Aiden wasn't as hostile as he might be when Duncan sat at the bar on the nights he was serving and struck up conversation. It was deeply awkward a lot of the time, like Duncan had spent very little of his life actually talking to other people. But it was weirdly interesting.

And Aiden had to admit that the more they talked, the more the greying, gruff, one-eyed man did it for him. Maybe it was just the fact of getting to know him in these weird little snippets when Duncan would relay how badly he'd done at fishing that day - his new hobby. Or the self-defense class he was now running at the school, where apparently all the kids adored him. He was such an oddity in this place, but then maybe Aiden was too really.

Even so Aiden surprised himself the night Duncan came into the bar and he realised how lifted he felt when he saw the man. How wide his smile went. How his dick throbbed for a moment.

Fuck.

This attraction, which despite Duncan's awkwardness, felt mutual, was getting harder to ignore.

"Hey, the usual?" Aiden asked as Duncan took a seat at the bar, quiet in that not sure what to say way that he had. In fact he just nodded and didn't say a word until he had paid and Aiden handed back his change.

"Your books," Duncan started, taking a gulp of his drink.

"Yes?" Aiden raised a brow, wondering where this was going. He was not unaware that Duncan had purchased the rest of his books not long after the first.

“There’s… The earlier ones are interesting. Good stories. But the recent one is different despite the subject being the same.” Duncan fixed him with his one eye as though in the market for some in depth discourse.

“Ok…” Aiden frowned, knowing that Duncan wasn’t wrong but not wanting to really get into it.

“The way you write about and draw werewolves changed. The story… how you portray them is a lot less… sympathetic.” Duncan continued, “Less romantic.”

“I know, I wrote it. Is there a question in all of this?” Aiden snapped and then shook his head, “Sorry, I… I didn’t mean. I get sensitive about my work.” He half lied.

Duncan nodded and went quiet, turning back to his drink.

Fuck!

He looked kind of upset, unexpectedly really for someone who seemed so distant.

“Hey, I’m sorry. I shouldn’t have snapped like that,” Aiden apologised and without thinking, put his hand on top of Duncan’s.

He was sure he felt Duncan shudder, in fact he was expecting the man to pull away the moment Aiden realised what he’d done. Maybe he’d misread it all! And maybe he should have pulled away too, but instead they just stayed there, looking intently at each other. Not a challenge, something else. Something really charged.

“Would you like to-” Duncan started and honestly Aiden had no idea what the man was about to ask, but he cut him off with a quick -

“Yes!”

Aiden called back to Abigail, currently on kitchen duty to watch the bar awhile, before clasping hold of Duncan’s hand and heading towards the back and out through the staff exit, down the corridor to the outer door. The whole time his mind was reeling, wondering what the fuck he was actually doing.

“Oh fuck…” Aiden muttered under his breath as they walked out into the snow. And it wasn’t the weather that had caused the reaction, but the realisation of how hard his cock was.

Duncan squeezed his hand and, perhaps in response and an attempt to reassure, spilled the words “I’ve never been with a man before.”

FUCK!

Were they actually doing this? What the fuck were they doing?

Aiden was practically stomping towards his little annex out the back of the bar, the shitty one bedroom, table top stove, place he called home, when he tripped.

In the dark he'd not been able to see the rocks under the snow and he went down, luckily into a nice fresh pile that cushioned his fall. Duncan's hand slipped from his but the man stumbled nonetheless and Aiden had just managed to roll from his side to his back when he came down on top of him, knocking the wind out of them both.

"Fuck." Aiden groaned, both of them laid out and panting.

He could feel Duncan's dick hard against his thigh, in a moment where he realised that yes, he really absolutely was definitely bisexual. Their eyes were locked again and Aiden saw the hunger there, perhaps some of it was his own reflected back.

He grabbed hold of Duncan's face and pulled him down into a heated kiss. It was messy, a clash of teeth initially, but then they slowed and Duncan slipped his tongue into Aiden's mouth making Aiden groan.

He could feel the cold wet seeping through his clothes, but he didn't care. It just seemed to add to the sensation of all of this. The insanity of it all.

Because he was pretty sure he was about to fuck a random patron, out the back of his bar in the snow, a few feet from his home.

"Fuck…" Aiden muttered again, pushing Duncan back enough to break the kiss so he could reach between them and start undoing his trousers. Duncan seemed frozen above him, but didn't resist when Aiden started to undo his belt and trousers too, eye contact not wavering.

And then he had them both free and in his hand with only the slightest idea of what the fuck he was doing. It wasn't like he hadn't seen some gay porn before, and right now all he cared about was both of them coming.

He wrapped his hand around both of them and began to slowly stroke, watching Duncan's expression for any change. But there was none, or at least Aiden stopped being able to tell when Duncan started kissing him again.

It was hard and rough, and maybe it was the kiss spurring him on, but Aiden couldn't help but speed up his strokes.

Their skin was dry but smooth, and Aiden wished he had some lotion or lube or something to ease the way. In the end he settled for rubbing their precum over them both with his thumb, unable to stop his groan at the feel of Duncan's foreskin against his own cut cockhead. Duncan hissed and let his head drop to Aiden's shoulder.

"Fuck…" Aiden panted apparently unable to use any other word, fisting just around their heads now. As much as he hoped Duncan was getting off on this, that was somewhat of a secondary thought as he rolled his eyes at the feeling of Duncan's foreskin moving back and forth against his ever more sensitive dick.

He practically rolled them together in his fist, his glans becoming increasingly responsive as he involuntarily bucked his hips.

Duncan was grunting, his own hips starting to snap until they were both fucking into Aiden's fist.

"I'm gonna… Oh fuck…" Aiden cried out as he came, still rutting as his dick pulsed and spilled thick come all over himself.

With another, deeper grunt, Duncan shifted so that he was better balanced to then place his own hand over Aiden's and pump the shaft a few times before he too spilled over Aiden's fist and stomach.

"Holy shit," Aiden muttered, trying to get his breath. He was shaking, adrenaline coarsing through him and he cursed himself for it.

He had a similar feeling to when he had met Vivian. A sense of something mysterious, perhaps even dangerous about her. And he'd found out the truth of that the hard way. He shouldn't be letting himself get close to anyone like that ever again. He already still had enough trouble.

And yet, he couldn't find it in him to tell Duncan to move as the man collapsed onto him and they breathed together. Even with the snow now soaking him through completely and freezing him down to his bones, he found he wasn't inclined to ask Duncan to get off him. He probably should ask the man to leave entirely, avoid the trouble. Avoid in him in the bar and around town.

He heard Duncan draw a sharp breath before the man moved of his own accord. Standing in a very swift movement and tucking his spent dick back into his trousers. He looked around as though unsure where exactly to look, and then shook his head.

"That… I… have to go." Duncan said abruptly and did just that, striding towards into the darkness as Aiden lay in the snow contemplating how he'd need to go shower and change before he went back to the bar, hoping that no one caught a glimpse of what had just happened.

*

Duncan avoided the bar for a couple of weeks, not planning to go there ever again initially.

And it wasn't because of the sex. He had enjoyed that and was fast coming to terms with having to reevaluate his sexuality.

It was Aiden.

There was something going on with him that Duncan couldn't quite put his finger on and that was putting him off of anything. Although he'd concluded that Aiden certainly wasn't affiliated with any agency he was aware of, and wasn't working as an assassin in any capacity for all he could tell - which he was pretty certain of. There was something hidden that Duncan needed to know in order to trust the man. The way he'd reacted to the simple discussion about his books was suspicious, even if it had led to an interesting turn of events. But Duncan wanted to trust him.

He grunted at the idea and sipped at his whiskey. He sat next to his roaring fireplace as the sun set outside, thinking about how easy it would be to go to the bar and confront the man. He had to know what Aiden was hiding.

But what would it serve? People didn't just go around demanding histories of people, did they? But then, they likely didn't fuck in the snow with near strangers either. Or did they?

Duncan grunted again and shook his head. He downed the rest of the tumbler but hesitated in refilling it.

Maybe confronting him at the bar would be a bad idea, but perhaps there were other ways?

*

It was near 1am once the bar had closed, the last person had gone and everything had been cleaned up for the night.

Aiden flipped the light switch as he entered his little annex, but it didn't work. He let out a heavy sigh and moved to the side table and flicked on the shitty and almost pointless light, inwardly grumbling about replacing the bulb in the morning.

"Fuck!"

Aiden startled and fell back against the table at the sight of Duncan Vizla sat casually in his armchair, clearly patiently waiting.

"What the actual fuck!" Aiden shouted. "You broke into my home? You've been avoiding me since..." Aiden felt his face flush, "And now you've broken in?!"

Duncan's face was stoic for a moment, and then a brief expression passed over it before returning again to the hard stare. But it was enough for Aiden to catch the emotion there - the brief moment where Duncan regretted what was happening - was having second thoughts.

"This is creepy, y'know?" Aiden reprimanded, inching towards the kitchen bench to grab a knife, hoping he wouldn't have to use it. Hoping he hadn't been such a bad judge of character to start falling enough for some guy to frot in the snow, but not realise they were some kind of creep.

Before Aiden could move any further, he heard a gun cock, looking over to see Duncan with his hand resting on the armrest, gun casually in hand and pointed right at him.

"What the fuck!" Aiden near shouted, feeling so much within him tearing apart. He'd misjudged Vivian too. He'd not realised what she was and then once he knew and accepted it, she had deserted him anyway. Deep down he couldn't blame her for choosing her own people over him, but he couldn't deny it hurt. Couldn't deny that it made him uncertain about trusting someone again.

And this? With Duncan? Maybe he hadn't seen it as anything more than a fumble fuck, mostly because he hadn't let himself. Not that it mattered because he was being fucked over again either way.

“You left the US because of the warrant for assault,” Duncan started, cool and firm. Just the mention of his dad made Aiden draw a sharp breath and shake. “Why did you return?”

“Who are you?” Aiden countered, rage filling his words. “Did my dad send you?”

Duncan cocked his head, “No one sent me, I live here. Why are you here? Have you been spying on me?”

“I fucking live here too if you hadn’t noticed. Are you some kind of paranoid weirdo?” Aiden growled the words, his eyes flicking between Duncan’s and the gun.

Duncan seemed to hesitate a moment before he uncocked the gun and relaxed his hand.

“I’m… not good with people,” Duncan muttered.

“No fucking shit!” Aiden shouted back, his blood was pumping with adrenaline and he was all the more convinced now that Duncan Vizla was hiding something. And perhaps he might not have been so angry if he hadn’t liked the guy enough to fuck around with him.

Duncan set the gun down and Aiden saw it as his chance.

In the blink of an eye, Aiden launched himself forward, knocking the armchair onto its back with Duncan still seated and himself now pinning the man there. He heard the gun go clattering across the floor and it was too dark to see quite where but at least it wasn’t in the picture anymore.

“Who the fuck are you, Duncan? What are you hiding?”

Duncan looked visibly surprised, maybe even shaken. Like no one had ever got the drop on him before like that, and Aiden felt a pang of guilt looking at the man’s eye patch and knowing that had given Aiden the advantage.

“*You* are Aiden Galvin and you’ve been on the run from your father, but you returned to the US. Why? Who sent you?” Duncan growled.

Aiden’s eyes went wide, “How…”

Duncan used the surprise to take hold of Aiden and roll them away from the chair and pin him to the ground, not making any effort to do more than just hold him there.

Aiden could barely contain the rage inside him, “Who the fuck are you? Why have you been snooping into my life? Did Astrid send you?”

As soon as he said it, Aiden regretted the words. Naming Astrid would surely give something about him away no matter what Duncan did or didn’t know.

“I have no idea who Astrid is,” Duncan growled. But then he relaxed his hold a little, not enough for Aiden to get away, his expression softening. “I don’t know who you’re talking about. I… like you Aiden. And I… used to work in a dangerous profession. I came here tonight because I need to know what you are hiding if we’re going to-”

Aiden cut him off with a bark of laughter, “Duncan, you broke into my home, you have me pinned to the ground and you held a gun on me. We’re not *going to* be anything after this.”

He wished he could threaten Duncan with the cops, but he knew if he was going to avoid getting caught he was going to have to be really careful about dealing with the authorities.

“I-I’m sorry…” Duncan said, almost shyly, and released him, pulling back to sit on the floor by Aiden’s legs. Aiden scrambled up and away, scooting backwards so he was sitting a little further from Duncan.

“What’s this about?” Aiden asked, more gently than he’d planned considering he wanted to rage at the man. “What was your profession?”

Duncan took in a deep breath and Aiden could hear him tremble as he let it out.

“I was an assassin. The people that broke into my home, it was complicated.”

“It wasn’t a home invasion,” Aiden surmised and Duncan shook his head, “Well, thank you for telling me that. I, um… I’m not safe. I mean, clearly you’re really capable, but I don’t want to put anyone at risk. And this… I realise now this whole thing was a mistake.”

Duncan blinked. His expression only faltered a little but he looked hurt, which Aiden hadn’t been prepared for, despite his own feeling of regret over this whole situation.

Why couldn’t he just meet someone straight forward?

Aiden went to stand up, not realising Duncan was going to do the same and they almost knocked each other onto their asses as they both moved forward. But instead, Duncan reached out his hand and grabbed Aiden’s arm to steady him and they both rose, still close and Duncan still gripping hold of him.

They stood there, unmoving for a moment, looking at each other intently to try and understand what they should do about all of this.

And then Duncan’s mouth was on his and all he could do was moan.

*

Duncan hadn’t been able to help himself.

Aiden’s lips looked so perfect and nothing else seemed to matter whilst he stood there looking at them.

Aiden pushed back on his chest then, pushing them apart from each other and Duncan expected to be asked to leave. And he would have gone. This had already crossed a line, he realised that. Normal people didn’t break into their potential lover’s homes and demand to know their deepest secrets. He was pretty sure of that.

But Aiden didn’t ask him to leave, instead he was panting, looking at Duncan as though hungry for more. And then he pulled on Duncan’s shirt to drag him towards the bedroom.

The bed, not quite a double, was pushed up against the wall and between that and the small chest of drawers there was no room in the bedroom. So it was with a stumble that they entered and fell onto the bed, Aiden dragging Duncan down on top of him in the dark.

Breathing hard, Aiden reached over and turned on the bedside lamp, a brighter bulb than in the lounge but with a limited range. It was enough to see each other. To see the mixture of lust and apprehension in each other's eyes.

"I've never…" Duncan started, unable to continue when Aiden pulled him down into a kiss. "Only with you… the other…" The kissing resumed before he was able to say more.

Duncan liked the way Aiden groaned when his moustache rubbed against him. It was a few long minutes before they both broke apart to breath.

"I don't have much experience with men," Aiden panted, "But I think I can work it out."

He reached between them and Duncan's eyes rolled with pleasure as he palmed and clutched at Duncan's clothed cock.

At Duncan's reaction, Aiden moved, managing to roll them until Duncan was on his back and almost against the wall. He realised he was trembling as Aiden climbed over him and straddled his hips.

Until he had started coming to the bar, Duncan had seen prostitutes fairly regularly. Some of them he had quite enjoyed the company of. But it wasn't like this.

For one thing, he'd known what he was doing. For another there had always been something perfunctory about it. A means to an end, even if was enjoyable. It was convenient and there was no need to work at it in anyway. The effort required on his part was minimal, expectations of him were non-existent. He didn't have to impress anyone. They could have sex, fulfill that need, even pretend for an evening that their connection was deeper. Like he was a normal person with a normal life. But it was never like this.

He wanted to impress Aiden. He didn't want to fumble and mess things up. He wanted Aiden to enjoy whatever they ended up doing as much, if not more so than himself.

He noticed then that Aiden's hands were shaking as he started to unbutton Duncan's shirt. Aiden let out a nervous laugh and then leaned in and kissed him as he continued, as though he needed to be grounded.

"I don't know… um… what we… I want to do *something*..." Aiden pressed the words against his lips and Duncan couldn't help the twitch of his cock, that Aiden clearly felt going by the moan he let out.

Aiden pulled back as he got to the last button, adjusting his position slightly to start to push the shirt open and over Duncan's shoulders.

"Wait…" Duncan grabbed Aiden's wrists, his heart suddenly pounding at the thought of what Aiden was about to see and how he might react.

Aiden looked a little hurt. He looked like he was sure Duncan was about to put a stop to this whole thing and reject him.

Duncan looked away trying to find the words, before he looked back up and sighed.

“I… have injuries. Scars…” Duncan said before letting go of Aiden’s wrists.

After a moment hesitation Aiden resumed removing the shirt, pushing it up onto Duncan’s shoulders and then over, letting it gape open even though he kept his eyes on Duncan’s the whole time. They were both breathing heavily when Aiden looked down.

He blinked and his mouth turned down a little, as though saddened. But there was no pity, no revulsion, as Duncan had been concerned there might be.

“Oh Duncan…” Aiden lamented and then leaned down to start pressing little kisses over the multitude of ferocious nicks and cuts that had healed into variously sized scars.

Duncan shivered and groaned, unable to stop his hips thrusting up. The motion nearly dislodged Aiden, so Duncan followed it through, pushing the man down onto the bed next to him so they were both on their sides facing each other.

Aiden gasped at the repositioning but then used it to begin undoing Duncan’s trousers. Duncan groaned again and Aiden whispered in his ear, “I want to make you come.”

Duncan whimpered at that and closed his eyes as he let Aiden strip him, lifting his hips and various other parts to aid the process.

Duncan felt his whole body convulse in shocked pleasure as Aiden fished him out of his underwear and took him into his mouth. His hands went down and immediately gripped into Aiden’s hair.

Despite the fact that Duncan had had many an incredibly skilled blow job from some very highly skilled sex workers, it was nothing compared to Aiden’s hot mouth. He sucked tentatively at first, clearly unsure, but when Duncan tightened his fingers he seemed to grow in confidence. More again once Duncan started moaning.

When Duncan’s hips starting to jolt involuntarily, Aiden moved to hold him down as his technique improved moment to moment.

Duncan was practically writhing on the bed by the time he felt his balls start to tighten.

“Aiden… I’m going… I’m…” He tried to warn Aiden, but then he was coming and Aiden was moaning and swallowing every last drop down, which Duncan was sure was responsible for making him spill over and over, more than he was sure he ever had before.

Aiden continued to suck him through the aftershocks until Duncan felt completely milked dry and was starting to soften in Aiden’s mouth, oversensitive and on the verge of a pleasant pain.

They were both shaking when Aiden pulled back and crawled up him, collapsing on the bed as he tried to get his breath back.

Duncan couldn't help but look at him in wonder.

"You've never…"

Aiden shook his head, "First time," he confirmed.

Duncan swallowed, not sure he was going to live up to that. He knew how to fuck, and fuck good. But he had no idea how to fuck a man, despite all the recent porn. They weren't exactly instructional videos and he wasn't sure of all of the logistics. Maybe he would have to suck Aiden off instead?

He wasn't really sure, wasn't that confident in any of it, so he tried to give himself some time by starting to undress Aiden.

Duncan sat up and pulled Aiden up to sitting to pull his t-shirt up over his head, captivated by the smooth chest beneath. So much so that as he began to undo Aiden's jeans and try to push them down, he couldn't help but lower his mouth to Aiden's clavicle, next to the necklace he wore.

"What is this?" Duncan asked, tugging at the silver pendant on a black cord.

"For good luck," Aiden smiled gently and then lowered himself to the bed, pulling Duncan to him and seeking his mouth again.

Within minutes Aiden was rutting against him as they kissed, his jeans finally making it down to his thighs as Duncan tried to push his underwear down too. But it was caught on Aiden's stiff cock and he had to break the kiss to finally see what he was doing and push them down until Aiden's hard cock sprang free.

Duncan chewed on his lower lip as he reached tentatively first to stroke the back of his hand over Aiden's straining cock. And then to cup his ass before smoothing his palm over every part he could reach.

Aiden's breath hitched as Duncan somehow managed to graze his fingers over his hole.

"I want to, um… feel… inside… the…" Aiden babbled, before Duncan sucked a finger and pressed into Aiden's hole to the second knuckle. Aiden's whole body contracted and he cried out, "Yes fuck, that. That."

Duncan grunted and started to fuck his finger in and out of Aiden as he took his mouth once more. The kiss became messy, filthy as Aiden rut against him in time with Duncan's thrusts.

Duncan was so turned on he wondered if he might be able to get hard again. His cock was certainly trying.

"Oh fuck, oh fuck… nggg there… fuck there…"

Aiden suddenly broke the kiss, hands gripping tight hold of Aiden's arms as his eyes rolled and closed. His mouth dropped open in a silent cry a moment before his whole body convulsed. He squeezed around Duncan's finger and spurted hot streams of come between them, hitting both their chests. Duncan continued to fuck into him, milking everything from Aiden in turn until Aiden was whimpering and pushing him away once it got too much.

Duncan pulled his finger out and they lay there panting for a moment. Glistening with sweat and come.

After a few minutes Duncan got up and went to the bathroom, washing his hands and cleaning himself up before he started back to the bedroom.

He could collect his clothes and go, he supposed. And maybe he should? Or he could get into the bed and hold Aiden tight to him.

Duncan walked in and looked down at his clothes. Looked over at Aiden, now under the covers, cosy in the bed.

He climbed into the bed.

*

Aiden hummed and stretched. He woke feeling blissed out and relaxed in a way he hadn't in a long time. He held in the moan that wanted to break out of his throat as he felt Duncan against him. He was completely wrapped up in the man's arms, his back pressed tight against Duncan's chest and Aiden couldn't say he hated it.

Duncan woke enough to nuzzle into him and Aiden felt a pang of something. Everything between them had been surreal and Duncan likely knew as well as he did that this whole thing seemed dangerous. They'd both been hiding something, and clearly Duncan's secret had been as dangerous as his own. He should know better, shouldn't get involved…

"I made some enemies in Bucharest," He blurted without even thinking about it.

Duncan nuzzled into him again and then rested his head on Aiden's shoulder, "Criminals?"

"I don't… They were… Werewolves." Aiden said quietly and felt Duncan still against him.

"Wolves…" Duncan muttered.

Aiden turned in his arms and looked at him, enjoyed the moment that Duncan took to push some curls from Aiden's face and tuck it behind his ear. Aiden took a deep breath and let it out slowly.

"In Bucharest. This is going to sound crazy," He shook his head but Duncan stroked his cheek and Aiden looked at him again. "I met a girl. She turned out to be a werewolf and the next thing I knew a whole pack of them wanted me dead. We… we killed their leader and she and I ran. We came to the US. She grew up here and knew there might still be remnants of a pack here. There were and she… she went with them. Wanted to build a haven over here for

her kind, including any who wanted to defect from the Romanian pack. There was no place for me."

Aiden recalled the whole thing with the dispassion that time had brought him. Or perhaps Duncan had added to that too? It had been a long while since he'd had any feelings over Viv leaving him, and it seemed to mean very little given the evening before.

"So you came here? To Triple Oak?" Duncan asked.

"Not right away. I considered going back to Europe. But then Vivian contacted me to say her aunt, Astrid, had taken over the Bucharest pack and it wouldn't be safe for me in Europe. So I… I ran and hid and ran again. And now I'm hiding here." Aiden looked at Duncan looking for some sign that the man believed him, "And I…"

Duncan leaned in and kissed him gently. He had no idea whether Duncan really did believe him or not. But in that moment it didn't seem to matter.

*

It had to be the first night in a couple of weeks that Duncan hadn't spent at Aiden's place, he'd realised when he woke that morning. He wasn't sure how he felt about it.

It was never intentional. Duncan would just go to the bar and then end up staying over. He'd had dinner with Camille the night before and it had been too late to go to the bar afterwards, but he felt sort of weird about it. Unsure of whether he should have called to let Aiden know, before realising he didn't have his number. He could have maybe looked up the number of the bar…

Duncan shook his head. Maybe this was just a casual thing anyway? They'd never talked about that so he didn't want to overstep. Perhaps Aiden invited him into his bed every night with no thought or intent of it being more than that.

The occasional knowing look from other bar patrons and a few people around the town, made him wonder whether people suspected there was something between them, but no one ever mentioned anything. Duncan wasn't sure he cared much about that either. He wasn't exactly the sort to worry about the impression he made on people unless it was to keep a cover.

He cared what Aiden thought…

Beautiful Aiden, with his skin soft and rough in the right places. With his deep eyes and tender lips. The way he moaned around Duncan's cock or cried out when Duncan fingered his ass. Aiden was just so -

Duncan cut off his own thoughts as he made his way to the bar, already feeling his dick stirring and not wanting to arrive with an erection.

But when he got to the bar everything was dark. He pulled into the lot and walked up to the veranda, seeing only Abigail who stood by the door looking concerned. Duncan looked

around, noticing cars slowing to pull in and then continuing on when they realised the bar was clearly closed.

“Where’s Aiden?” He asked.

Abigail bit her lower lip and looked concerned, phone pressed to her ear.

“I’ve been trying to call him but no response. He’s not here.” Her worry was clear in her tone.

Duncan started off to walk around the side of the building to Aiden’s annex, but Abigail called after him.

“I already checked, he’s not home. He’s not anywhere,” her lip trembled, “Aiden’s gone.”

Chapter 3

Chapter Summary

Werewolves, assassins and a happy ending.

The short while it took for Duncan's laptop to charge enough to switch on, after so long unused, felt like an eternity.

When it finally flickered into life, Duncan spent several minutes dismissing the updates and various other bullshit. He hadn't used the laptop much since he'd retired, had no real need to. He had paper files on anything he needed, and didn't like the idea of being reachable. This was a true retirement.

Or it was meant to be. In that moment Duncan was ready to call in any favour he had outstanding and pay for any information he needed. He didn't believe for one moment that Aiden had left of his own accord without saying anything. Without even putting a sign up on the door of the bar. Even if he had, for some reason, felt the need to run and hide again, he would surely have come to Duncan for help?

Duncan opened up the software he had previously paid quite some money for, and put in Aiden's father's name. And then the name Astrid, linked to Bucharest. A search bar came up and he knew it might take some time for the computer to link to the various different covert agencies this spyware connected into, and find either of them. So Duncan set the laptop aside, grabbed his old bag from the bedroom closet and drove back to Aiden's place.

*

"Hello little boy," Astrid was calm though her lips lifted into a slight snarl that looked nothing short of wolf-like. Aiden took that in as he blinked his eyes open and tried to move.

The room was dark. Everything ached.

Aiden took a breath and tried to move again, unsure of exactly how he was standing, before realising he wasn't. Every muscle in his arms burned as he fought against his restraints and he looked up to realise he was chained by the wrists - suspended.

"No Vivian to protect you now." Astrid's tone though gentle, had an edge to it that Aiden could only call madness. "And the two of you, no idea what you did!" Her tone dropped at the end, and the snarl became more than slight as she growled the words.

She took hold of Aiden's face, gripping his jaw and digging her nails into his flesh.

“Centuries of tradition, thrown away over you, boy!” She pushed his face away and began to stalk back and forth.

Following her as best he could the way he was chained, Aiden noticed other people - wolves - in the room, members of her pack.

“And had Vivian stayed and assumed the leadership as she should have, then perhaps things would have been different. But she left. With you!” Astrid spun on her heal to point an accusatory finger at Aiden. “No care for her kind, no care for her kin.”

Aiden could almost understand the anger there, knowing Vivian had been close to her aunt at one point. Maybe even close to her cousin, Astrid’s son - the wolf he had killed. Aiden shuddered at the memory that would never quite leave him, no matter how he told himself it had been self-defense.

Vivian had understood, and she’d left the pack to seek her own life and freedom. Just as she’d then left him.

“You have *no* idea the division this caused. I assumed the leadership, and have been fighting to keep my pack together ever since. But they leave, they dissent. I am constantly challenged.” Her eyes were wild as she threw the words at Aiden like accusations. “No more…” She calmed as she continued softly, “When I return with your head, they will know. A symbol to unite us after having been broken. To demonstrate once more to the pack the evils of letting humans know of us. I will kill you slowly and celebrate your death with your head on a pike.”

*

Duncan broke into Aiden’s house for the second time since they’d met, making careful note as to whether someone else had done the same. There were no signs of anyone else having entered, and inside everything appeared as it should. Duncan looked around, before setting down his bag and taking some items out to try and pick up traces. Anything that might help know if someone had been there and where Aiden might have gone - fingerprints, fibres. But it became almost immediately clear that no one else had been there. Only two sets of prints and he recognised his own from many years of covering them up. No fibres, no traces.

There was also no sign Aiden had been there in the last day. The shower was bone dry, the kitchen clean and no opened food out or in the fridge. No signs that he had cooked or ordered takeout the night before. Nothing that showed he had returned from the bar back to his annex the night before.

Duncan huffed and walked back to the door, looking at the steady but light snow. All footprints and any other traces had been consumed in white.

He strolled over to the back door of the bar, taking in everything, and then testing the door. It was locked, and in the patch of gravel beneath his feet, somewhat protected from the snow by an awning, Duncan could see scuffs. Enough to show signs of a struggle. Aiden was grabbed whilst closing the bar.

Duncan felt anger burning through him like nothing he ever had before. Even when he had wreaked revenge on those that had wronged him when he retired, he had done so with his anger in check. Calm and focused despite the vengeance seething beneath the surface. But now he shook and it took all he had not to bellow a roar.

Returning to his vehicle, he was neither calm or focused. The thought of something having happened to Aiden tore him down to his soul. He steadied his breathing, calming himself before he pulled away from the parking lot and returned home.

His laptop was flashing, results and messages.

Nothing pertinent regarding Aiden's father. The man was last in the system a year earlier for getting into a bar fight.

The results for 'Astrid + Bucharest' turned up only one thing. A flight. From Bucharest to Billings, Montana a few days earlier. The coincidence was too overwhelming to ignore. And so Duncan searched deeper.

*

Duncan Vizla once escaped the torture chamber of a sadistic madman, with thanks only to the broken off end of a knife that he'd extracted from his own bloody body and used to pick the locks of his cuffs.

He was not an incapable man.

But he was just a man.

Not a beast, or a monster. Not a werewolf.

Duncan focused in with the infrared scope, able to see all movement within the small warehouse, and realising the truth. Because as much as he wouldn't think to disbelieve Aiden about the werewolves, he knew it had to be completely true now. Looking through his scope there was one warm body, hanging in the centre. The ten others in the room were like nothing Duncan had ever seen before. Their body heat was off the scale for a human.

He let out a shuddering breath as he tried to focus, knowing the one human figure in there was Aiden, surrounded by a pack of wolves. There was a small fire in a barrel which obscured the scene partially, too much for him to get a clear focus on those closest to Aiden.

Jazmine had been surprised to see him when he'd turned up at her armory, all the more surprised when he'd asked for silver bullets amongst the items he needed - hedging his bets. But now he was glad for that trip, glad that she'd had some. Because here he was, almost two days after Aiden had disappeared, about to test the theory that silver bullets were needed to kill werewolves. Not something he'd ever imagined facing in his life.

Duncan took a steadying breath and focused through the scope, a calculated move that he might have not been so unsure of if it wasn't Aiden in there. If he was killing a mark and not trying to rescue the person he loved.

He clenched his jaw at the thought. Love bred fear, and being afraid led to mistakes.

He closed his eye, pushed the thought away, opened it and focused, then squeezed the trigger.

*

Aiden didn't hear it at first. Not over the uneven breaths he was taking, not over the flames and cruel words and his own screams.

Astrid wanted her fun. She seemed to have gone quite mad and wanted more than just his head. He'd killed her son and been instrumental in the fundamental change to her way of life, he couldn't blame her for losing it.

One of the pack members stood grinning with a camera as Astrid heated the brand over a small flaming barrel. Aiden tensed, breath coming in quick bursts as he prepared himself for more pain. She grinned at him as she lifted the brand from the fire and pressed it against his skin again.

His lower stomach this time, just above his hip. She had already branded his rump, the top of one arm.

"This is what it feels like you know. When you press silver against us." Astrid growled, her expression flickering with rage. "This is how you killed my son, with this pain, this agony." She pressed the brand into him harder and he screamed as he felt his flesh sear.

She removed the brand and he sobbed, panting.

And then he heard it, this time. A zing and a thud.

And again.

And then there was screaming.

*

Duncan got the first two outliers through the heart. They dropped a moment after the bullets zinged through the walls like paper.

The third moved, still a kill shot. They would bleed out. But he could hear the cries from his vantage point. Screams of agony that he'd never heard from such a wound before.

The silver. It had to be the silver.

Duncan made a quick inventory. He had three more in the rifle, six in a pistol. A silver knife, usually not practical given how soft the metal was.

Perhaps any bullet would kill if a shot through the head or heart, but Duncan wasn't planning on taking any risks where Aiden was concerned. And as the screams died down and he saw several of the remaining pack run to aid their dying companion, he also found the desire to inflict as much pain as possible. And it seemed silver was the way to do so.

Duncan took the rifle from the stand, removed the telescopic sights and dropped down from his vantage point, moving forward and stopping to raise the sight to his one eye every few yards.

There wasn't panic, but there were the beginnings of disorder.

Duncan moved stealthily round the building, soon he would have Aiden back.

*

"The Americans!" Astrid shouted, signaling for the closest two pack members to flank her. "Vivian." She growled, her eyes scanning the dark at the edges of the room.

Aiden felt nauseous and dizzy from the pain, wondering if Vivian and the American pack really had come, whether he would be saved. Wondering what had happened to her since they last met. What war this was between them that he had once more become embroiled in. He might wish that he'd never met Vivian. But then he would have never moved to Triple Oak… He'd have never...

There was more scuffling at the edges of the room. He couldn't make it out in the darkness, his human eyes not enough and the fire from the barrel obscuring a lot of what he could see.

There was another zing, another thud. And then the barrel was knocked over and embers spilled across the floor. Everything went dark for Aiden beyond the low glow at his feet.

Then he heard the wolf snarl.

*

Duncan pushed through the door and into the corridor, shooting the two guards. Silver bullets from his pistol as he slung the rifle around his shoulder. He drew his knife as he passed them, hearing the commotion ahead.

Three more came from a side room, teeth bared. He had no idea what would happen if they bit him, human form or not, and so didn't plan to give them the chance. He struck the first in the windpipe, before plunging the knife into his heart, pulling it out in time to slit the throat of the second just as the third took hold of him from behind. Duncan pushed back, slamming the man against the wall before turning sharply and plunging the dagger through his temple. The three lay twitching on the floor as the silver coursed through them like a disease eating away at their bodies.

Duncan set his jaw and started towards the end of the corridor, the door that he could see lead into the warehouse.

He was almost there when a wolf loped into his path from the side corridor and looked up at him. They both cocked their heads at each other before the wolf chuffed at him and pushed its way through the warehouse door, as though he wasn't worth its time.

*

Aiden's ears rang and everything came in flashes.

A gun was firing, lighting the room for just a moment. And in that moment there were people and wolves.

He thought he saw Duncan and whimpered. His delirious mind clearly teasing him.

"Aiden!" The voice was familiar and he turned to see Vivian as the sounds of wolves grew louder. She must have done something because his chains were falling and he landed heavily on the floor, only then realising the pain in his shoulder. Maybe it had been dislocated? He wasn't sure, everything hurt to varying degrees.

"I'm sorry," She crouched next to him and stroked hair off of his face. "You were never meant to get caught up in this."

Aiden felt like passing out, but tried his hardest to stay lucid as another gunshot rang out, another flash and he was sure Duncan was there!

"Duncan…" He moaned the name and Vivian turned, looking around the room.

"Take only the wolves," She commanded to answering yips.

And then Astrid was on her.

*

Duncan lost sight of Aiden and realised he must have been pulled down from where he was hanging, unsure if that was a good or bad thing.

The room was full of wolves, weaving around him as they brought the other pack members down. Some had shifted too and wolves were fighting, trying to tear each other's throats out as he made his way through them, pistol ready for any that attempted to come at him. But he was ignored as this strange war raged inside the warehouse and he made his way to Aiden.

The embers were dying on the floor, but there was enough light to make out Aiden's prone form and two women fighting, practically tooth and claw, though neither had shifted.

He thought Aiden was unconscious until the women, clearly wolves nonetheless, moved closer to him and Aiden pushed himself forward, grabbing hold of the older woman. Duncan was only steps away, pistol raised, as a wolf jumped up and grabbed his arm. He fired the shot, it going wide and not hitting either woman as the wolf tried to drag him down.

Duncan snarled as he used his weight against the wolf to pin it as they went down, plunging the silver dagger into it twice until it let go with a howl and writhed on the floor in agony. Duncan grunted as he stood, looking back around to see the younger woman now stood over Aiden, a dagger in hand.

He picked up the pistol and fired.

*

The shot rang out and Aiden looked to see Duncan, definitely Duncan, a moment before two of Astrid's men stepped between them on Duncan's blind side. A third falling, having been hit by the shot that he'd heard.

It distracted Aiden for long enough that Astrid was able to pull free from his grasp. He tried to grab hold of her and only succeeded in making her stumble into the embers and cry out. Then Vivian was on her.

"When we gather as one, we are one…" Astrid growled.

"Please…" Vivian begged, clearly devastated that it had come to this. "There can be two packs, we can-"

Astrid growled and lunged for her, only giving Vivian enough time to react. To push her back down.

"I'm sorry," The girl cried, tears rolling down her cheeks as she pressed the blade into Astrid's heart. "I hope you find peace."

*

Duncan looked up at the cry.

He couldn't see Aiden, the two women in his line of sight. He grunted and started to stalk towards them as the girl looked up and called out, the older woman slumping to the floor, "It's over."

The wolves stopped, some cowering where they stood. Some panting and watching the girl. The few that had remained in human form dropped to their knees and made some strange hair sweeping gesture which Duncan took as submission.

All but one.

She was just a flicker in the corner of Duncan's eye at first, his peripheral vision impaired on his blindside, but he turned and saw her running at the girl and Aiden. Snarling with rage and brandishing some sort of weapon.

Duncan didn't hesitate. He raised the pistol and fired, a clean shot through her skull a moment before she could reach them. She fell heavily down and he heard Aiden grunt as she fell onto him.

Duncan ran, reaching them just as young woman rolled the dead girl off of Aiden.

"Aiden… Oh god, Aiden I'm sorry…" The girl wrapped Aiden in her arms and rocked him against her chest. He clung back.

"Vivian…" He muttered her name and it felt like a knife through Duncan's heart.

This was the woman, the wolf, that had left him. And yet he clearly still cared for her. The way he held onto her as his fear passed, made Duncan want to growl as though he too were a

wolf.

Duncan let out a deep sigh and turned, walking away from the scene.

“Duncan?” Aiden’s voice was quiet, but then his name was repeated louder and Duncan turned.

With a frown of confusion on her face, Vivian helped Aiden to his feet until he stood, holding his arms around himself and looking at Duncan.

“Th-thank you…” Aiden’s bottom lip trembled, “I didn’t think… I thought I was going to die, alone. That I wouldn’t get to say goodbye and tell you...” He trailed off, looking hesitant.

Duncan’s jaw clenched and he waved a dismissive hand as though it had been nothing. As though he wouldn’t have killed a hundred people to get to Aiden and keep him safe. Whether Aiden had wanted him to or not.

He was about to turn away again when Aiden let out a confused whimper and stumbled forward, out of Vivian’s arms.

“Where are you going?” Aiden asked, pained.

“I didn’t want to interrupt.” Duncan’s voice was a low rumble, and he looked down. He really wasn’t good with people. He really had greatly misunderstood what was between them.

Duncan looked up again when he heard Aiden grunt with pain as he moved towards him, throwing himself into Duncan’s arms and gripping tightly around his neck.

“Take me home,” Aiden whispered. Duncan hesitated for a moment, unsure what to say or do but then Aiden sighed against him, “I love you.”

Duncan let out a shuddering breath and swept Aiden up into his arms, not looking back at the chaos or the wolves as he carried Aiden to his truck.

*

It had been over a month since they had returned to Triple Oak and Aiden couldn’t have been happier for the mundanity.

Life was slow. It was perfect.

Abigail knew enough to know why he’d left her to manage the bar a while. And everyone in the town seemed more interested in the fact that Duncan Vizla was by his side every day taking care of him as he recovered, than what had actually happened.

In fact, Duncan had practically moved in, whilst pointing out continuously that they would be better off at his place. More space, fresh air over the lake. A better place to recover. A more private place.

“Hey,” Aiden smiled, as Duncan let himself in with grocery bags and dumped them on the kitchen bench.

Duncan smiled, that strange almost shy smile he had when he was around Aiden. The one Aiden couldn’t pretend not to love.

“So, I was thinking,” Aiden started as Duncan took a seat next to him on the sofa and pressed a kiss to his cheek, a little awkward and clumsy, which Aiden secretly enjoyed. “The views from your place are really great. I should probably get back into sketching now my arm is a bit better.” Aiden made a point of holding his shoulder as he rotated his arm a little. “And… Abigail is doing a fine job as assistant manager. In fact… she’s been looking to move out of her parent’s place and I thought maybe it would be perfect for her to move in here.”

Aiden spoke hesitantly, gauging Duncan’s reaction.

“With you?” Duncan asked, confused. “This place is very small and you’d have to share a bed.”

“No… no, not with me. I won’t be here. I was thinking I could be… y’know, at your place.” Aiden finished, smiling as realisation dawned on Duncan.

The man stood, grabbed the groceries and headed back out. Aiden watched in confusion as Duncan came back through the door again and pulled Aiden off the sofa and into his arms, carrying him out to the truck as Aiden laughed.

*

“Oh fuck… Yes… oh god Duncan, please…” Aiden’s eyes rolled as Duncan slid a third lubed finger into him, as he leaned against the wall where Duncan had pressed him the moment he’d come home from closing up the bar.

It felt so good. Duncan felt so good.

Aiden moaned and bit at his lower lip as Duncan continued to finger him. This wasn’t the first time they’d done this since Aiden’s escape from Astrid’s pack and the peace that had been settled with the American wolves. A few times whilst they’d been kissing and grinding against each other, or whilst Duncan had been sucking him, he’d shoved a finger or two in Aiden’s ass.

He was growing accustomed to it, relaxing into it and getting eager to take Duncan’s cock. Even if he hadn’t expected that moment to be a random night after a late shift.

“Please…” He moaned again and Duncan grunted, pressing against Aiden so he could feel his clothed cock against his ass cheek even whilst Duncan’s fingers slid in and out of him. Pumping rhythmically.

Aiden tried to move them to the bed but a few steps later Duncan was using his free hand to tug at Aiden’s top and he pulled it off over his head to oblige moments before Duncan fell

heavily against him again. The motions resulted in them pressed to the window, Aiden wincing with the cold as his bare flesh hit glass, his chest and hard cock both pressed tight against it.

“Holy shit,” Aiden cried out, tears stinging the corners of his eyes as Duncan continued to finger fuck him against the window. “Duncan… w-wait…” Aiden pressed back, trying to free himself from the chilled glass, until Duncan moved too. He really hoped Camille couldn’t see too well in the dark and hadn’t glanced over.

He removed his fingers and seemed sheepish when Aiden turned to look at him.

“I… Thought maybe tonight…” Duncan started.

“Yes, yes totally,” Aiden breathed, pressing his cool body against Duncan’s clothed one. “Yes, just… I don’t want my dick to freeze off.”

Aiden gave Duncan a hard shove and the man stumbled before falling onto his back in the middle of the cabin. Aiden pulled off his trousers that were now around his ankles and climbed over Duncan, pulling the man’s trousers roughly open even as Duncan struggled to retrieve a condom and sachet of lube from his pocket.

He was already tearing the condom wrapper open with his teeth as Aiden pulled his cock free and sank his mouth down on it, taking him to the back of his throat.

Duncan groaned and clearly hesitated before finally nudging Aiden off so that he could roll the condom on. Aiden had already grabbed the lube, the first sachet of which he could feel dribbling out of his ass, and squeezed it onto Duncan’s sheathed dick. He stroked the lube up and down before moving forward.

Duncan tried to sit slightly, clearly reaching for Aiden’s ass, but Aiden pushed him back down with a thud and sank down onto his cock with a grunt.

“Oh fuck,” Aiden winced. It was uncomfortable rather than painful and a kind of fullness he’d never experienced. But it felt good. It felt even better once he started to move, leaning forward slightly and instantly, amazingly, finding his prostate. “Oh fucking god!” Aiden exclaimed as he pinned Duncan down and began to ride him.

Duncan moaned and his head fell back, he grunted with each of Aiden’s movements, his fingers digging painfully into Aiden’s hips.

“I’m so close,” Aiden near sobbed as he rode Duncan harder and harder.

Until the world started spinning.

With a growl, Duncan rolled them, pushing Aiden onto his back and lifting his hips so the he could fuck hard into him where he settled on his knees. Duncan made short, sharp huffs and grunts as he pounded into Aiden who could do no more than writhe and whimper.

“Oh fuck… Duncan… unnnggg,” Aiden felt blissed out as his climax suddenly rolled over him and he came all over his stomach and chest. Thick spurts that seemed to pump out in

time with Duncan's rhythm. Duncan cried out as he came a moment later, his hips still thrusting into Aiden as he filled the condom with a groan.

They both stilled, panting and looking at each other as though almost unsure whether that actually happened or not.

Then Aiden started to laugh and Duncan winced at the squeeze, taking hold of the condom and pulling out before collapsing onto Aiden, come and all.

"God I love you," Aiden chuckled, playing his fingers through Duncan's hair.

"I love you too," Duncan murmured against the soft flesh of Aiden's neck.

Aiden shivered.

*

"What is this?" Duncan asked, leaning down and kissing Aiden's curls as he sat in the window seat making the most of the morning sunshine to sketch by.

"Ideas. Sketches… New graphic novel," Aiden said without looking up.

Duncan craned his neck for a better look and instantly recognised a figure that could be himself. Eye patch and trench coat, gun in hand. The rest of the page was full of action and blood against snow. The word "Polar" finely inked at the top.

Duncan hummed and Aiden looked up at him with a grin, "What can I say, I found a new muse."

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